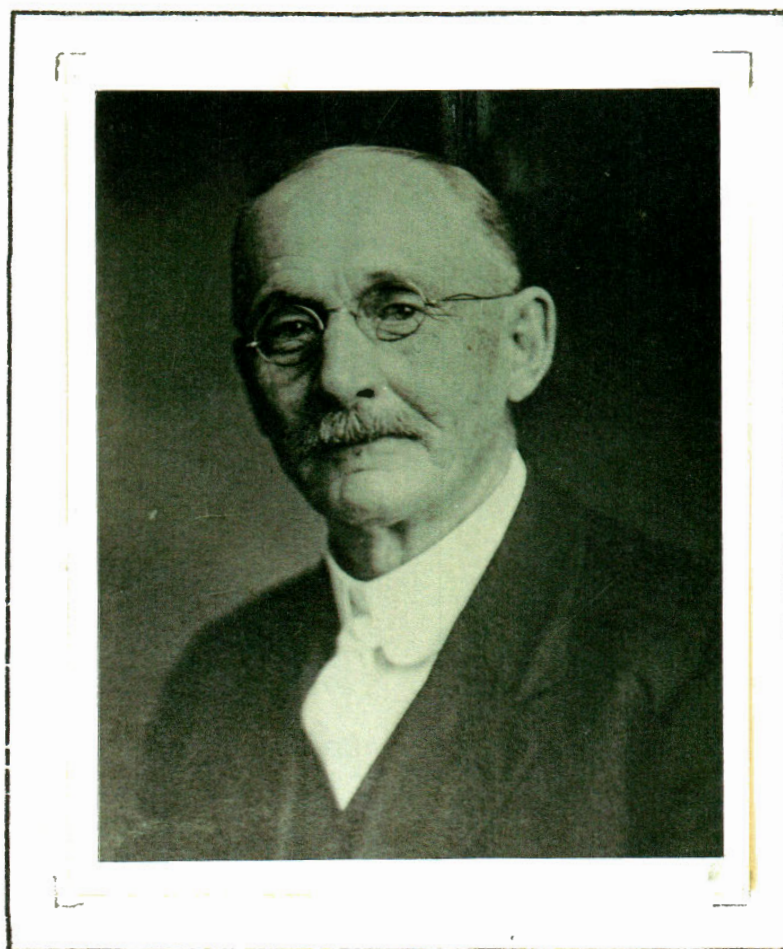


Captain Rodolph Bolles Sargent

1852-1935



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CAPTAIN RODOLPH BOLLES SARGENT BORN FEB.18, 1852; DIED FEB. 1, 1935.

While in Sargentville, Maine the summer of 1971, Mrs. Frederick Marston (nee Sargent) told me that she was collecting some of the pertinent facts regarding the Sargent family and suggested that I might be the logical one to write what I knew about my step father, Captain Rodolph B. Sargent. I think that I had as much love for him as a son could have had, and I have no reason to believe other than that the feeling was mutual, so I said I would do my best to relate some of the stories he told, some of the stories about him, and some of my experiences with him.

He first started to sea when he shipped as cook aboard his father's schooner at the age of thirteen. In those days it was expected that the crew would handle cargo. This meant that he got up at 4 o'clock A. M. to get breakfast. After the breakfast dishes were washed, he had to turn to and handle cargo until it was time to get the next meal. After the noon meal and the dishes were washed, it was handle cargo until time to start supper. In the evening after supper he had to wash dishes until 9 o'clock P. M. while the rest of the crew were telling stories or sleeping. In hearing him tell about it, it was apparent that he resented it that his father made him work so hard when he was so very young. By the time he was 19 years old he was Master of a small schooner. He then became First Mate of a larger vessel, but he soon got a permanent Masters rating. In those days it was customary for the crew (Captain included) to handle cargo. In commenting on this he would say, "In the tropics when you are working hard, the only way to keep from getting sick from drinking too much water is to give your drinking water a good lacing of rum."

While he was still a young man, but after he had had some experience as Master of a ship, he took a job in Booth Bay, Maine as a supervisor in a shipyard there. I am not sure when this was or how long he stayed with this shipyard, but this experience was very valuable to him during World War I when questions regarding wooden ships and their construction were referred to him from shipyards all over the country.

He was extremely careful in his handling of a ship and as a result he had a very good record. He never lost a ship in his entire career and was only involved in two collisions, both of which, the courts decided were not his fault. The first case was at night somewhere off the coast of Delaware and it was very foggy. Suddenly out of nowhere a steamship loomed up dead ahead of them. It was established in court, that because no one heard a whistle prior to the collision, the steamship was not blowing its whistle at short enough intervals. His bow was badly damaged and his motor boat that was hanging on the stern davits had broken loose and was clear up on the quarter deck, upside down. He asked the Captain of the steamship to stand by until he could assess his damages, but the other Captain felt he had troubles of his own, so he left for port immediately. The other case occurred at night off the coast of Mexico when he cut a small fishing boat in two. This was a very unfortunate accident as a fisherman was drowned. However, Captain Sargent was absolved of all blame as it was proven in court that the fishing boat was hove to at night without any lights showing.

His first wife Eva died when his son Harvey was about two years old and Harvey was raised by his maternal grandparents. His grandson, Clyde said that his father (Harvey) used to tell that he vaguely remembered being led into the room back of the parlor at "Twin Oaks" to view his mother just after she had died.

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He was very proud of Harvey and many times I have heard him say that Harvey headed a department, all of which were college graduates except himself. For obvious reasons he did not mention the fact that his second wife Abby died at sea. Mr. Smith, his First Mate, did tell me the story. It seems that she was sitting up on deck when she suddenly fell overboard. The man at the wheel was slow in giving the alarm, but as soon as Captain Sargent realized what had happened, he put the wheel hard over and brought the ship about. Then he jumped on top of the deck house and Mr. Smith saw him bodily pick up the life boat, and throw it overboard. He then jumped overboard himself. It was the work boat and was about 18 feet long and quite heavy. How he picked it up and got it overboard, no one will ever know. When he got to her, she was dead. There was no water in her lungs, so it was felt that she died before she hit the water. It was necessary for him to make all preparations and bury her at sea. I can remember seeing on his North Atlantic Ocean Chart a cross with Latitude and Longitude and a note, "Abby died here", and another one with a note, "Abby was buried here".

The disaster which caused the death of his sister Lydia's husband, Captain Will Gower, was on his mind quite often. Captain Gower's schooner, the "Gertrude A. Gower", disappeared in what later became known as the Dangerous Triangle in the Atlantic Ocean where so many ships and planes have disappeared without leaving a trace. The ship was loaded with railroad iron and was in rough weather and it was Captain Sargent's theory that she just hit a very heavy sea and opened up and went down without warning.

He loved to tell stories. The one I have heard him tell a great many times was about when he had taken command of a ship when he was quite young. He was asleep in his cabin when he dreamt that he heard his father calling him, "Rod, get up on deck." He dashed up on deck just in time to see breakers ahead. He took the wheel out of the hands of the man at the wheel and put the rudder hard over. Five minutes more and the ship would have been on the rocks.

One time as he was leaving Philadelphia on the schooner "Mary F. Barrett" they had a nice stiff breeze and had just released the tug boat and were merrily sailing down the Delaware Bay. The Second Mate and crew were busy securing the anchor to the cathead. They were just getting ready to put the lashing chain in place when the anchor slipped and fell overboard. The compressor was released and chain started out like mad. Captain Sargent happened to be up forward and grabbed the compressor, because he did not want to put too much strain on the windlass. He let out all the chain in the chain locker before he got the ship stopped and turned into the wind. He said, "I thought it was going to tear the bow off her before I got her stopped."

He told another interesting story about the time he was bound for Providence, R. I. When he was crossing the New York shipping lane he encountered a tug boat coming out of New York with three barges that were strung off in the far distance behind him. He had a nice fair wind and when he got close to the tug he changed his course so that he was sailing side by side with the tug boat. He spoke to the Captain of the tug boat and suggested that if he would slow up a bit Captain Sargent could cross his bow. The tug boat Captain replied with some profanity that he had no intention of doing any such thing. Captain Sargent quickly put his wheel over and headed straight for the tug boat. Since a sailing ship had the right of way, the tug boat had to do some fast maneuvering to avoid a collision. Captain Sargent said that when he went past Montauk Point the tug boat was still visible on the horizon trying to straighten out his barges.

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He loved to tell about the time he entertained his son Harold's family, including Harold's mother-in-law, Mrs. Brennan, aboard the schooner "Mary F. Barrett." At dinner he noticed that Mrs. Brennan was watching a big cockroach that was running up and down the wall. Finally she said, "Do you have many of those?" Captain Sargent said, "Yes, the ship is alive with them." She said, "Do you have bed bugs?" Captain Sargent said, "Yes, we have lots of those, too." The next morning he asked her how she slept and if the bed bugs bothered her, to which she replied, "There were no bed bugs in my bed last night." Later in the morning the Stewardess called Captain Sargent aside and told him that she had found two bed bugs, full of blood, in Mrs. Brennan's bed that morning.

Another of his stories was about the stingy Captain who told his Steward when he made the "Plum Duff" for Sunday Dinner, to put all the plums on one side of the duff, his side. After this happened several times the Mate got wise to the trick and while the Captain was not looking he turned the duff around a half turn. The Captain discovered that the plums were on the wrong side so he said, "That is a fine looking duff." and turned it around again another half turn. The Mate said, "Yes, it is a fine looking duff." and turned it another 180 degrees.

With his tongue in his cheek he used to tell about the Captain who could tell where he was, by putting the tip of his tongue to the sample of the bottom which came up on the sounding lead. The crew decided to play a trick on him. One night when he was laying down in his cabin, they stuck the lead into a flower pot that was in the cabin and after wetting it with sea water, brought it down for his inspection. He stuck his tongue to the sample, jumped out of bed saying, "Martha's Vinyard has sunk and we are right over Aunt Maria's garden."

The summer of 1971 his daughter, Ethel, told me a story that I had not heard before. When her mother, Abby, was aboard ship, she felt that the Steward should have a soup tureen to carry soup from the Galley to the After Cabin. Captain Sargent told his First Mate, Mr. Smith, to go to town and get one. He came back with a Chamber Pot. He said they did not have a tureen, so he thought this would do just as well.

In June 1913 Captain Sargent married my mother. The schooner "Mary F. Barrett" was in Pascagoula and they went to Mobile, Alabama to be married. When they got off the train in Mobile, they were not too anxious to meet anyone that they knew, so they hurried through the station and took the first horse and buggy they saw. They said there were much better rigs available had they gone out the regular door. When they were married the minister said, "You are the calmest couple I ever married." Captain Sargent said, "Good Gracious man, this is my third attempt. You don't think a little thing like this would disturb me, do you?"

I soon learned that Captain Sargent was a prompt man and he expected others to be just as prompt as he was. Before we left Pascagoula, I saw him chew a cigar to shreds because a tug boat was not there on time. He never took unnecessary chances. On our first trip, we left Pascagoula in company with the Four Mast Schooner "Governor Powers". Several days later we were off Palm Beach, Florida and were in sight of the "Governor Powers" when we sighted three funnel clouds. Captain Sargent took sail off as fast as he could get it off, but the "Governor Powers" kept full sail on and sailed right away from us. The next day and for several days after that we were becalmed and just lay there and rolled. When we got to Providence the "Governor Powers" had been there, been discharged and was gone.

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He was always anxious to help me and keep me entertained. He was anxious to have me learn navigation, ship construction and cargo measurements. At his suggestion we built a model of the "Bluenose". He insisted that all the work be done by me, but he was very critical that everything be made authentic, to scale, and in a workman like manner. One time he told the First Mate that some one had a nail in their shoe that was marring the varnish finish on the Quarter Deck. At eight bells he had the crew lined up for inspection to see who the guilty party was. Well, you can imagine my embarrassment when Captain Sargent found the nails in the heels of my shoes. I took a lot of kidding from the crew for the rest of the trip.

One time in San Juan a Captain friend of his came aboard for a social drink. He looked at me and said, "Sargent, you can never deny that boy" Captain Sargent just looked at me and grinned. On that same trip to San Juan some one stole our taffrail log, which had been coiled up and placed in its regular place on top of the deck house. It was discovered to be missing just as we were ready to put to sea. Captain Sargent rushed down town in San Juan and found his own log for sale in a Pawn Shop. As time was of utmost importance, he bought back his own log. While we were in San Juan Captain Sargent got permission to visit El Morro Castle which was at that time occupied by the Military. When we got to the entrance the Guard took the Blanket Pass and started a discussion with the other Guards. Finally Captain Sargent asked his interpreter to find out what the trouble was. He came back and said they wanted to know how he could be a Captain and a Sargent (Sergeant) too.

One night there was trouble with the tiller and steering mechanism. The Engineer was working on it but it got dark and temporary repairs had been made so he decided to quit and finish it in the morning. In order to have his tools handy he put them in the storage side of the Binnacle Box. Among other things there was a big monkey wrench. The next morning Captain Sargent came up on deck at 5 o'clock and immediately put the wheelhard over as we were headed straight for one of the little Cay Verde Islands. The reason we were so far off course was found to be the proverbial Monkey Wrench in the Machinery which caused just enough compass error to put us quite a few miles off our course in a nights sailing.

One evening he was taking his usual turn around the deck, when just as he passed the midship house he looked down and saw the dog cock up his leg and sprinkle a 200 pound sack of sugar that had not been been put away. For a minute I thought he was going to throw the dog, the Steward, and the sugar overboard.

He had one Steward who had a habit of saying, "For dessert we have apple, peach, blueberry, cherry, and strawberry pie." Captain Sargent said to Mr. Smith, "I just don't believe he has that many kinds of pie. Every time we all take the same kind of pie. This time lets all take a different kind and see if he can produce." Much to their surprise every one got the pie he ordered.

On one occasion in San Juan the crew came aft and asked for some money so they could go ashore for the evening. Captain Sargent was reluctant to give them any but he relented and they went to town happy. The next morning they were all back but one man. That afternoon a man came aboard to get Captain Sargent to go down and pay the sailor's fine. Captain Sargent said that he did not know about any sailor who was in jail. After about an hour the man came back with the sailor's hat to prove that it was the right man. Captain Sargent told him that he never saw the hat before and let the sailor sit in the San Juan jail for four or five days before he paid his fine and got him out. Then the

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same sailor went ashore and got a job as a rigger on a wireless tower they were building in San Juan at the time. As it is very hard to handle a ship short handed, it became necessary to get another sailor before leaving. In a southern port this is very difficult.

Aboard ship the Captain is called upon to perform all sorts of duties including taking care of the sick and injured. Captain Sargent's medicine cabinet had three principal items:- Friar's Balsam, Cascara, and Sweet Spirits of Niter. Cascara was the standard laxative and Sweet Spirits of Niter was the diuretic, but the most used medicine was Friar's Balsam. Any cut, sore, abrasion, etc. got Friar's Balsam. It was a resin of some sort dissolved in alcohol. Captain Sargent told about the sailor who got hit in the head with a block that fell from aloft. It split his scalp wide open and made a deep wide gash. Captain Sargent said he just poured Friar's Balsam into the cut and taped it closed. When he got to port and a doctor, it was entirely healed up. Knowing how Friar's Balsam stings in a small cut, that sailor must have suffered.

One time he had a Mate who was a very big man who did not know his own strength. They were in Portland, Maine one Saturday afternoon and as they passed a saloon Captain Sargent invited the Mate to have a drink with him. When he paid for the drink, the bartender threw the change on the bar and the man next to Captain Sargent, raked in the change and put it in his pocket. The Mate said, "Hey, that was the Captain's change." The man said, "No, it was my change." The Mate said, "I said that was the Captain's change." and with that he hit him and knocked him off his feet. Every time he tried to get up the Mate would hit him again before he could get his balance. About the third time he hit the man, the man went down and stayed down. They went back aboard ship and the next morning (Sunday) they awoke to find the deck and dock lined with people who wanted to see the man who had knocked out the local heavyweight champion boxer.

On one of his trips to Bath, Maine he ran across an old Captain friend of his who had done exceptionally well financially. The friend insisted that he come out to his home for dinner that evening. When he got there his friend's home was an exceptionally nice place, well equipped with servants, including a butler. When they sat down to eat, his friend served and Captain Sargent said he was just a little uneasy about his table manners until his friend said, "Sargent, there is some very nice gravy here on the platter. Would you like to sop a slice of bread in it? I am going to." He said after that he felt at ease.

He had a friend who was Captain of one of the steamboats that furnished transportation out of Rockland to the small harbors of Penobscot Bay. He said this Captain had been passing a certain island for years giving it a good wide clearance from shore. One day he decided to take a short cut by going real close to shore. From then on he took this route every day. The first time the tide was real low when he came by, the old man who lived on the island was out there in his row boat on the route he wanted to take. He went around him, but as he got opposite the boat the old man put down an oar to show that there was just about two feet clearance over a rock that was there. He decided to return to his old route after that.

Captain Sargent arrived at Quarantine at Pensacola, Florida and the local authorities told him that he was due for fumigation. Fumigation was a nuisance to the ship owners, because it was time consuming, which was costly, and it was usually ineffective. Captain Sargent argued that the ship was not yet due for fumigation, but the inspector insisted that in a few days it would be due, so he would not clear the ship until it was done. While they got the sulfur pots

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ready, Captain Sargent had the crew go down in the hold of the ship to catch about a dozen chickens which were loose there because of a broken chicken crate. There was one chicken which was particularly wild and the crew could not catch it. The crew chased it until they were exhausted and they could not get near to the chicken. When the sulfur pots were ready, Captain Sargent asked the inspector how much sulfur was being used and in order to insure a good job he insisted that the amount be doubled. When they were ready to light the pots, the chicken still could not be caught. The Inspector said, "It is too bad." and went ahead and lit the pots and sealed the hatches.. The Inspector gave instructions to break the seal 24 hours later. When Mr. Smith, the First Mate, opened the hatch, the first thing they saw was the chicken, rather wobbly but very much alive. Captain Sargent said, "Hide the chicken and you and your watch and I will go ashore and caution them not to come near the ship until late in the evening. We will leave the ship in charge of the Second Mate and his watch. Tell them not to go near the hold so so they can truthfully say, when the Inspector returns, that they do not know what happened to the chicken and they saw no life in the hold." Well, the chicken survived, became a pet and was a sort of mascot of the ship, as no one would consider eating it.

Captain Sargent retired from the sea in 1918. It was principally brought on by changes in the maritime rules of which he did not approve. There were two changes which were a deciding factor in his leaving the sea:- (1) When the minimum wages for a man before the mast was set at Seventy Dollars per month; and (2) When they required that at a sailors request the Captain was required to advance up to 75% of all pay due him at any port of call. He did not think a sailor was worth Seventy Dollars per month, and if sailors would be allowed to draw a large per centage of their wages that were due, a good many of them would jump ship before a round trip was completed. This would make it very inconvenient and expensive for a ship to fill out an incomplete crew.

When he first went ashore he took a job with the American Bureau of Shipping who were marine insurance underwriters. He was classed as a Marine Surveyor which his previous experience in ship building in Booth Bay, Maine qualified him. This was to be paid on a job basis, plus expenses. This was a very nice easy retirement job. He was his own boss and there were not too many wooden ships being built in his territory which was from Charleston, S. C. to Brownsville, Texas. This was short lived, because as soon as we entered the race to build ships during World War I, we could not build ships fast enough and most of them were wooden. His job suddenly became very important as many of them were built in his territory. In a short time there were literally hundreds of ships under construction at the same time. In addition to watching the construction of these ships, it developed that he was the authority for most of the wooden ship construction in the United States. Questions which came in from all over the United States were referred to him. In addition to this there were a large number of steel ships built in this area and because there was no one else to do it, he had to start studying stresses in steel plates and the strength of riveted joints. The American Bureau of Shipping put him on a salary and suggested that his salary be \$350.00 per month, plus expenses, and I am sure they expected him to demand more, but he told them that the offer was very satisfactory. Because of the paper work he had to do, it was suggested that he hire a secretary, but with the War Boom on at the time there were none to be had, so I was drafted into the job. I shudder to think what a terrible secretary I was. Even so, I was contacted by the International Paper Company, who tried to induce me to go to work for them as a secretary.

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He did most of his sleeping and answered most of his correspondence on the Pullman between shipyards. He would arrive home, give me the answers to his letters which he had written out in longhand, would give my mother a suitcase filled with dirty clothes and take another, which was already packed with clean clothes and he would be ready to catch the next train. I would take his longhand notes and type up the replies and in most cases would sign his name to it and get it in the mail.

One time when he was at home between trains, he got a call to go to Mobile as there was a ship in distress off Mobile Bay. He dashed down town, caught the train and in Mobile got aboard a tug boat that took him out to the ship. On the way down the bay it was pretty stormy and he got soaking wet, but he felt secure in that as soon as he got aboard ship he could change into dry clothes. When he got out there he found that in his haste he had picked up the wrong suitcase. The one he had picked up was empty. The Engineer happened to be about his size and loaned him underwear and a suit until his dried.

During this time Cream or White Palm Beach Suits were being worn quite a bit in the South. Captain Sargent wore them almost exclusively when he went on these trips. One morning when he was in Galveston, he went in to see his nephew, Fred Gower, who had an office there. The sun was at his back when he went in and Fred put his head back and roared with laughter. Fred said, "As you came in, I could see right where your undershorts ended." Captain Sargent could hardly wait to get home. He got rid of all his real light Palm Beach Suits and would never wear them again.

He owned the first Chevrolet Car that came to Pascagoula. Mr. Ames was trying to get Captain Sargent interested in buying this car, but he kept putting him off saying there was no one in the family who could drive a car. Mr. Ames contacted me and suggested that I learn to drive, and proceeded to teach me. When he thought I was good enough, he picked out a nice Sunday and invited the folks to take a ride with him. Then he just happened to go by where he knew I was. He suggested to the folks that maybe I would like to go along. As soon as I said that I would go, he said "OK, you drive." That completely sold Captain, but he said "That bridge at the side of the house is in no condition to drive a new car over. I will not buy a car until that bridge is rebuilt" For years after that Captain Sargent would laugh when he told about how fast that bridge got rebuilt.

There were very few times that he ever showed that he was angry at me. One time we had gone out in the country and were getting home quite late at night when we ran out of gasoline. He said, "No one puts any restriction on you as to how much gasoline is used, so the least you can do is to keep the tank full."

Captain Murphy was a lumber merchant, ship owner and ship Captain who lived in Pascagoula. He built several ships under Captain Sargent's supervision and they were very good friends. When the two of them went any distance together they usually went in Captain Murphy's Cadillac and I went along to do the driving, so the two Captains could ride in the back and talk. On one of these trips Captain Murphy said to me, "Any time you want to take your girl out in the evening. you are welcome to use the Cadillac. We never use it in the evening and we would be very happy if you would use it." I was just 17 years old and I could not understand why Captain Sargent flatly said "No."

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When Captain Sargent married my mother, my brother Tom objected to the marriage very strongly. He did not say anything but he registered his disapproval by not coming home. This went on for quite some time, until one afternoon Tom came in unannounced. Captain Sargent quickly said, "I want to see you in private." He took Tom out in the back yard and gave him a real talking to. I do not know how long they were out there but at the time it seemed like an eternity. Neither Tom nor Captain Sargent ever said anything about what was said between them, but whatever it was it must have been the right thing because from that moment on Tom was on Captain Sargent's side. While I was at home I think I had the edge as far as Captain Sargent's likes and dislikes were concerned, but after I left home Tom took my place in his affections. He saw Tom's children grow up and later it was Tom who had to help take care of him in his illness.

One of the projects which he and I undertook together was to make a sail for a small boat that I had. He let me make it entirely myself, but it was always under his watchful eye. When he was showing me how to sew the bolt rope onto the sail, a hot ember from his pipe fell into the sail and we soon smelled smoke. Well, when I finally proudly went with my new sail, it had a big patch in it, which he showed me how to make.

One afternoon I got an ax and a hoe and started across the field. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I was going to clean out the underbrush that was growing along the fence line. He said, "Cleaning out the fence line is fine, but don't you think it might be a good idea to leave those little pine trees and let them grow." The pine trees were left there, but they are no longer little, because the trunks are at least 2½ feet in diameter at the base. When I want to feel old, I look at those pine trees.

When I was about seventeen years old I heard that the L. & N. Railroad was hiring young men as firemen to train them for future Locomotive Engineers. I startled the family by announcing that I wanted to be an Engineer. Captain Sargent ended that very quickly by saying, "If you want to be an Engineer on a steamship I can get you on as an oiler within a week, if you want to go to college, I will help you, but if you want to be a Locomotive Engineer you are on your own." Needless to say, I changed my mind very quickly.

One time when we had the Stearns-Knight automobile, we were getting about 2000 miles on a set of tires. Captain Sargent said, "We have about 1000 miles on those tires, I think you ought to take them off the rims and inspect the casings. There were two spares which meant opening up six tires and pumping them up again to 70 pounds pressure, with a hand pump. That was one time he and I did not see eye to eye, but you can guess who won the argument.

One night I had a date with a girl in town and on the way home I saw a horse on the road. The horse appeared to be asleep and just as I tried to pass him he aroused and before I knew what happened, he kicked the side of the car with both feet. I went to bed and the next morning as usual Captain Sargent got up early to feed the chickens. He went out to the barn and then came right into my bedroom and woke me up. He said, I am not saying anything about it, but do you want to tell me how you got hoof prints on the side of the car."

My mother's sister, Aunt Hattie, lived in the same town with us. She and her husband were very strict teetotalers. Uncle Charlie, her brother, was down to visit them and he had a bottle of Scotch Whiskey in his luggage. This was during prohibition and Scotch was very hard to get, but Uncle Charlie was afraid that if Aunt Hattie knew it was there, she would cause a scene, so he asked Captain Sargent if he could use it. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Scotch did you say? I'll say I can use it."

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In about 1920 the folks decided that they should each have their photograph taken. They got the proofs and picked out the poses that they liked best, but when the finished prints were received they had been retouched so much that they looked to be 30 years old instead of 70. The folks complained to the photographer, so he made them a set of photographs from unretouched negatives. When the folks got the prints, they were satisfied that the pictures at least looked like them. The picture of Captain Sargent on the front cover is a copy of one of those unretouched prints.

When Captain Sargent bought the Stearns-Knight Automobile it was the first and only Stearns-Knight in the town. One time he took it to one of the garages in town to have some work done on it. The garage mechanic said, "Is this your car?" When Captain Sargent said that it was, the garage man said, "I didn't know there were two of those cars in town. The Swartout boys have one just like it." Captain Sargent got quite a kick out of it but he did not tell the man that it was the same car. He seemed to run to new kinds of automobiles. After the Stearns-Knight he bought a Star and then a Grey, both of which were the first of its kind to come to Pascagoula.

He did not realize that his conversation had a very salty flavor to it. One time in Pascagoula when he was out with the old Chevrolet Touring Car, he was on a very rough road and the two straps in the back that held the top up, gave way and the top came down over his head. He came home and in telling about it, he described the incident as follows:- "I was down on DuPont Avenue in a pretty rough sea, when I hit a cross swell. The backstays parted and all the rigging went by the board. He could not understand why anyone would find anything wrong with his description of the incident.

The American Bureau of Shipping rules for stems and sternpieces was that they be made from certain species of oak. The species could be identified by looking at the end grain through a microscope. One day when he had his microscope set up to look at the end grain of a stem piece the ship carpenter said, "Can you see through that stick of timber?" Captain Sargent replied, "Yes Sir. I can see every piece of fastening you have put into it."

The Mobile Ship Chandler Store had a "Captain's Room" which was nicely furnished and was for the exclusive use of visiting Captains. It was very popular among the visiting Captains and became known as the Binnacle Club. Because of the many stories that were told there, the Mobile Register sent a reporter down there to pick up these stories and they had a daily column known as the "Binnacle Club". It was shortly after Captain Sargent found that he had cancer of the lip and had given up smoking, that he dropped into the Binnacle Club for a few minutes. Some one passed him a cigar which he took, cut off the tip and lit it. He had it about half smoked when someone said, "Say Sargent, I thought you had quit smoking."

He was up at Mobile one time just after a hurricane had hit and the Mobile Ship Chandler Store had a big stock of canned goods that got wet and the labels came off. Captain Sargent bought about three cases of these cans and we had great fun trying to guess what was in each can. We got so we could identify the peas, but the others were always a surprise.

In 1935 he took over the little corner grocery store that my brother had been running. The first thing that he did was to install a "Loafers Bench". My Mother used to say that he had no regular hours for closing, because he would never close as long as there was any one there to talk to. One night the regular bunch of loafers were sitting around talking about their favorite brand of cigarettes. Captain Sargent said, "I don't believe you can tell one brand from another." To prove his point, he went over to the cigarette case and got a package of every brand there. Then he covered the brand

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names and numbered them. Then they had a contest to see if they could tell the difference. Just to satisfy himself, he tried one of each brand himself. From that time on, he smoked about three or four packages a day until he died. He said it was like the man who had palpitation of the heart. The doctor told him he would have to give up drink, tobacco and women. He said to the doctor, "Well, Doc. she will just have to palpitate."

One day Louise, the negro woman who helped my mother with the cleaning, was down on her knees scrubbing the floor. She happened to have on an old dress that had belonged to my mother, that had been given to her. Captain Sargent came in and said, "Louise, you don't know how close you came to getting kissed. With that dress on I thought you were my wife and I almost kissed you." Louise practically went into hysterics, she just lay back on the floor and rolled with laughter.

It was always his job to get up in the morning and start the fire in the kitchen stove. Yes, it was a "Shipmate Stove". Some one gave him a nice heavy bath robe for Christmas. It was the kind with the very long knap. He was out in the kitchen starting the fire one morning when the knap on the bath robe caught fire. It was out in just a flash, but it did frighten him quite a bit and singed his eyebrows and some of his hair around his ears.

One morning the washing machine would not work and he was trying to find out what the trouble was. I came out and suggested that the fuse might be blown. He said, "No, I just stuck a fork into the receptacle and there was plenty of fire".

He was the local weather authority. When there was a threatened hurricane the local people would read the weather report, but they would believe what Captain Sargent told them about the weather. In his later years he was called on for his advice in matters of the Port and also Town affairs. He later became City Engineer. At one of the Town Board Meetings they were discussing the building of a City Park. He asked for and got the floor and asked, "In this new park, will the negroes be allowed to use it?" They said, "No." He then asked, "Do you intend to provide similar facilities for the negroes". They said, "No, we could not afford that." Then he asked, "How are you going to set up your taxes so that the negroes will not be paying for something they can not use." They replied that this would be impossible, to which he replied, "Gentlemen, I am against the park." The park was pushed through but the whole town knew that he was against it.

After he gave up the grocery store, he decided to build a doll house for Gene, my brother's daughter. This was a very elaborate doll house built to about a one half to one scale and was indeed a true work of love. The doors were made small but were equipped with regular locks. The house was wired for electricity and had a door bell. The windows all worked just like a real house. Gene was the envy of all the little girls in the neighborhood.

The day that my mother got the letter from the doctor telling her that Captain Sargent had terminal cancer, happened to be the day I arrived home from Chicago on a visit. Tom met me at the train and told me about it, but said that Captain had not been told. When ever Captain and I were together, he and I always stayed up several hours after every one else had gone to bed. This night was no exception, in fact it appeared that he was waiting for and expecting it. As soon as the rest of the family were in bed, he said, "Your mother doesn't know that I know it, but I intercepted a letter to her from my doctor and he told her that it is only a matter of

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afew months." He then went on to tell me that he had enjoyed life, had no regrets and was ready to go. Later in the evening he said, "There is just one thing I want understood. I don't want my body carted all over the country after I die. I hope that you and Tom will see fit to have me buried in the family lot in Grand Bay, but if you have any objections to me being buried in the same lot with your father, all I care about is that I am buried some place and I am sure some one will do that." That has been many years ago, but it made such an impression on me that the above are, I am sure, almost his exact words. For the record, he was buried in the lot in Grand Bay and unless Captain Sargent had requested differently, Tom and I would never have considered doing anything else.

Just before he died, his daughter, Ethel Sampson and his daughter-in-law, Helen Sargent came down to see him. When they were leaving, they knew that they would never see him again and he knew that it was the last time that he would ever see them, but a stranger would never have known it. He was laughing and talking with them as though they were going to be together again in the very near future.

The last Christmas before he died they planned to spend Christmas Eve at Tom's place as they had done for several years in the past, but in the afternoon my mother called Marshall and told her that she did not feel that Captain was able to go down to their place that evening, but for them to have their Christmas Eve without them. Marshall bundled up all the presents, including the Christmas Tree and took them down to Grandpa Sargent's place. Gene was a tiny little girl and one of her presents was a dress, so Marshall took her into the bedroom and put the new dress on her for Captain Sargent to see. When he saw her he took her in his arms and the tears came to his eyes as he said, "I would give anything in the world to be able to see her on her sixteenth birthday."

Don Swartout
Nov. 5, 1973

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Home of
Swartouts

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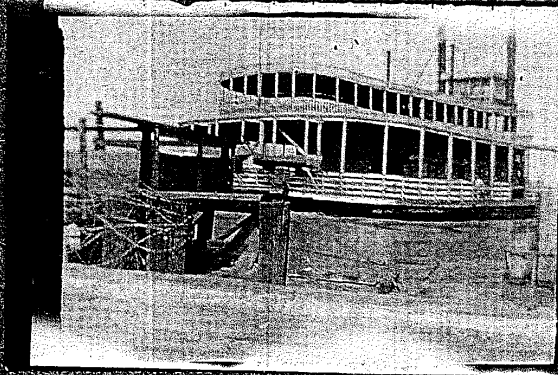
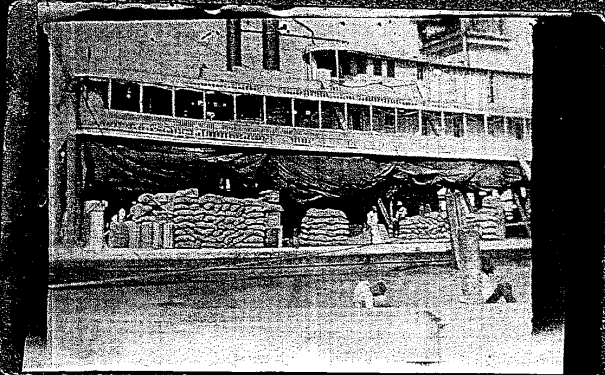
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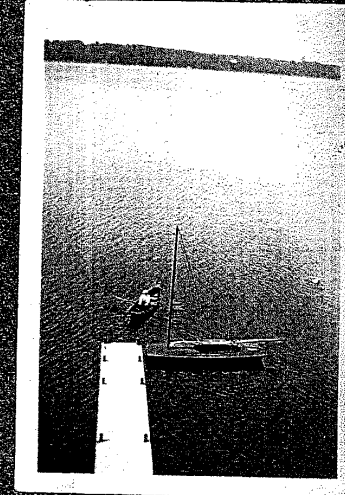
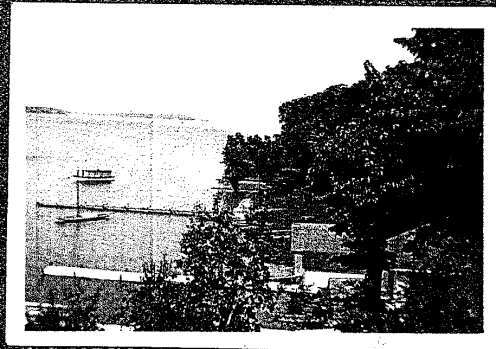
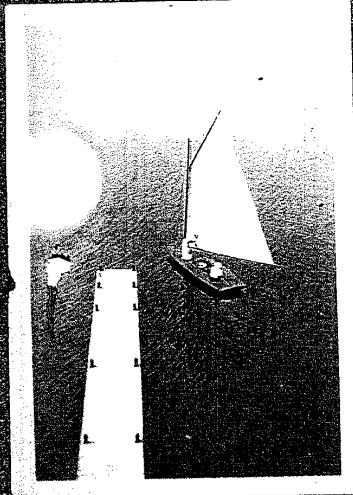
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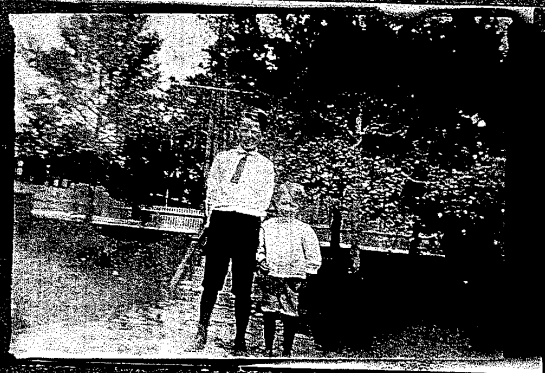
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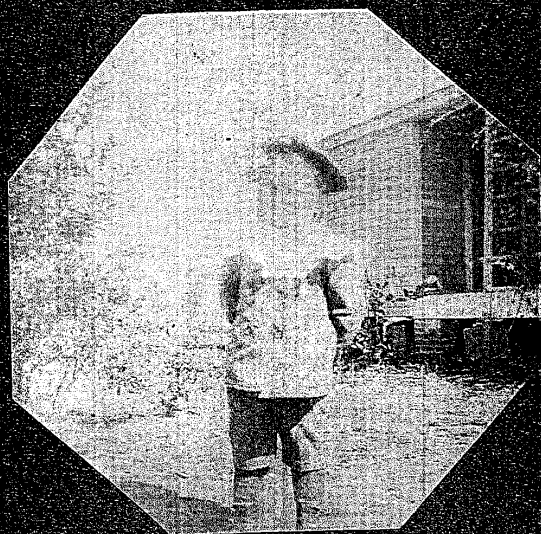
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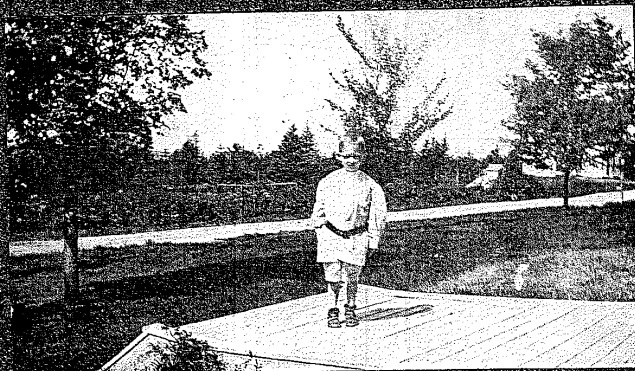
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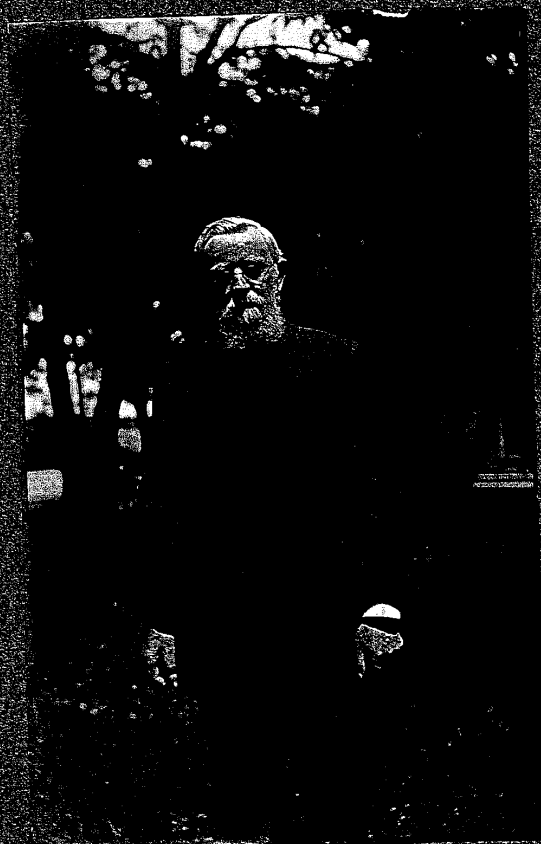
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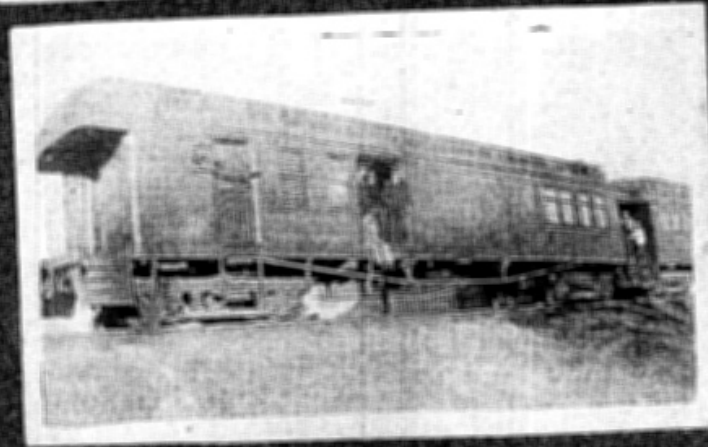
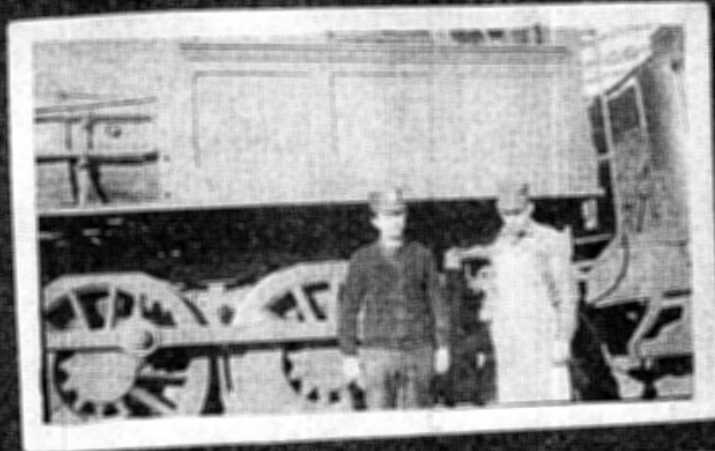
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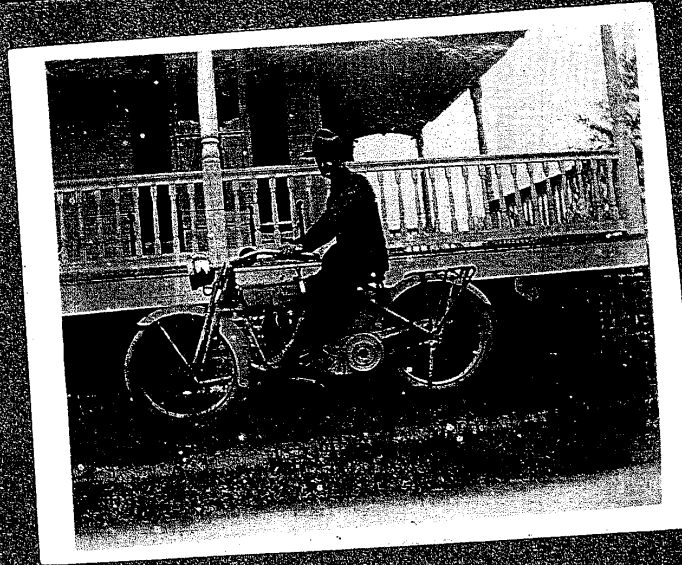
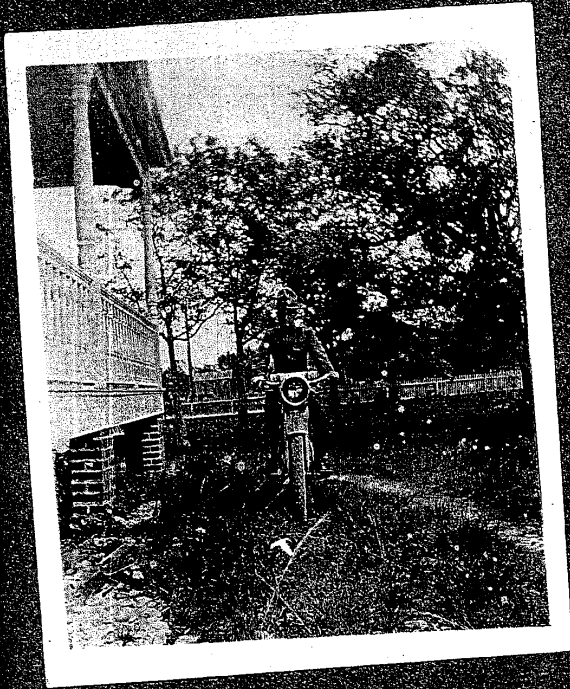
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of meeting at Caswell Springs, which in results was most gratifying, there being twenty-one accessions to the church. That church is composed of a band of earnest, faithful Christians, who do their duty to the church and pastor.

There will be no camp meeting at Wilson Springs this year. Were your scribe a poet, he would put in verses, rhyme up no rhyme, and he sighs for such a gift, so as to complete with other and more gifted camp meeting poets.

A good many yellow fever refugees are returning home, but they looked scared yet. It looks something like war times to see wagons loaded with household goods and the folks perched on top. Sometimes one of the young ones drive a while, or the "ole man" takes a turn, while the "ole man" walks a little to rest the "critter." Such is life.

NECROLOGY.

On Saturday morning at 2:30 o'clock Mr. Joseph A. George, a native of Hayle, England, who had come to Pascagoula from Chicago some two years ago, died of the prevailing fever at his mother's residence on Mobile street, Pascagoula. He was 25 years old at the time of his demise.

By his kind and affable manners and by his striking traits of devoted filial love, he had won the esteem and affection of all his friends and acquaintances.

He leaves an aged mother, one sister and three brothers, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

He died a member of the Episcopal church. The funeral, which was conducted by Rev. L. N. Brock, Baptist minister, took place Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Last Saturday morning at 2:30 o'clock death and sorrow once more visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving P. Deiman. After a few days of great suffering from fever and throat trouble, graceful and amiable little Leonard Martin's soul winged its flight to heaven, there to join the angelic choir in their beatifying ranks of their Lord.

The heartfelt sympathies of the whole community went out to the twice bereaved family.

The community was painfully shocked Wednesday morning on hearing the news of a death of Miss Emeline Pinkney Bowman, who died at 6 o'clock a. m. of the prevailing fever, after a few days of serious illness. Miss Emeline was the daughter of the late Judge Charles Pinkney Bowman, and at the time of her death was but 18 years old. She was a beautiful young lady, and by her noble traits of character she had won the esteem of a large circle of friends, to whom we extend our sincere condolence.

The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, proceeding to the Protestant cemetery Pascagoula, Rev. L. N. Brock, officiating.

Miss Katie, the adopted daughter of Mrs. A. S. Olson, of Pascagoula, died of the prevailing fever at 11 o'clock a. m. Wednesday at age of ten.

She was a sweet, delicate and lovable child.

The oxen have gone, the sparrow's down home's deserted!—my tablet, my pencil, and me.

Notice.

A special meeting of the Mayor and Board of Aldermen will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of equalizing the town taxes. H. R. ROSE, Town Clerk.

The reporter of this paper, like our efficient sheriff, rings no backing bell.

MARINE



OFFICE DEMOCRAT-STAR,
Scranton, Miss., Oct. 22, 1897.

[Report for week ending Oct. 21, 1897.]

ENTERED.

Oct. 19—Am. sch. Millie Williams, 79 tons, Soderstrom, from Vera Cruz.
Oct. 20—Brit. sch. Dora, 168 tons, Egdale, from Santiago.

CLEARED.

Oct. 14—Am. sch. Lewis A. Edwards, 144 tons, for Vera Cruz, Mex., by W. Denny & Co., 141,738 ft lumber; value, \$1,414.
Oct. 15—Am. sch. Mecosta, 200 tons, for Matanzas, Cuba, by Jimenez & Co., 201,731 ft lumber; value, \$2,017.
Oct. 18—Brit. bk. J. H. McLaren, 711 tons, by Peterson, Downing & Co., for Caranvon, 56,756 ft lumber; value \$793; 169,040 ft sawn timber; value \$1,200; 21,203 cubic ft bawn timber; value \$2,352.
Oct. 19—Am. sch. Florence and Lillian, 212 tons, for Havana, by Moss Point Lumber Co., 173,468 ft lumber; value \$1,735; 18,823 sup ft sawn timber; value \$188.

THE NEW Scranton Hotel,

Opposite the Louisville and
Nashville R. R. Depot.
SCRANTON, MISS.

Nice and airy rooms, excellent board and lodging, first-class saloon in which are kept the best wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Spacious sample rooms for the accommodation of Commercial Travelers.

Special Rates to Travelers and Parties by the Week.
Trains stop Fifth Station.

J. A. MILLER, Proprietor.
September 10, 1897. 30-17

DR. W. O. TALBOT, DENTIST.

BILOXI, MISS.
Will be in Scranton on
THURSDAY.

of each week, prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work in the best manner known in the profession. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Office at Dr. W. A. Cox's drug store.
February 8, 1897. 31-3m

POPLARVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

Offers unexcelled facilities for securing a thorough, practical education with the least possible expenditure of time and money. Health and moral influences unsurpassed, ample buildings, splendid school furniture, beautiful campus, handsome three-story boarding house. The fifth and most prosperous session just closed; six graduates, nearly 200 students, 100 boarders, from all sections of the country; faculty increased. Rates: Board, tuition and washing, per month, \$10 to \$11.50. Special offer—\$60 cash in advance, pay for board, tuition and washing, nine months in any grade. Sixth session opens Monday, September 6, 1897. Send for catalogue.
W. J. THAMES, Principal.
Poplarville, Miss.
July 2, 1897. 31-3m

TO NEWSPAPER MEN.

I have for sale, cheap, for cash a second-hand Plow Paper Cutter in good condition. If you want a bargain apply at once.

ORDINANCE NO. 70.

An ordinance establishing a quarantine against all infected places.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of Ocean Springs, That a quarantine be and is hereby established by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen against all places infected with yellow fever or any other contagious disease.

Sec. 2. Be it further ordained, That it shall be unlawful for any person to enter the town of Ocean Springs, unless said person can produce satisfactory proof that he or she is immune from yellow fever.

Sec. 3. Be it further ordained, That any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance, be fined in a sum not to exceed fifty dollars.

Sec. 4. Be it further ordained, That as public health and safety demand it, that this ordinance go into effect immediately upon its passage.

THOS. W. GRAYSON,
Mayor.
F. M. DICK, Clerk.

[For the Democrat-Star.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. Swartwout was celebrated at the home of their only daughter, Mrs. C. H. Knights, 6617 Harvard street, Chicago, Ill., on Thursday evening, Sept. 9, 1897. The house was beautifully decorated with golden rod, yellow daisies and yellow roses. Refreshments were served, and about 25 of their immediate friends were present. Numerous and valuable presents were received from the many friends of the couple.

Mr. Swartwout came to Chicago from the State of New York, in 1812, when he was 17 years old, and was married to Mrs. Nancy Evcos, of Woodstock, Ill., Sept. 9, 1817, who was also from New York, having arrived in Chicago July 4, 1815, and traveled by stage from Chicago to Woodstock, as railroads were unknown in the West at that time, and Chicago was a small town of less than 10,000 inhabitants. Mr. and Mrs. Swartwout were married in the morning and went on their wedding trip to St. Charles, Ill., in a carriage, and remaining a few days with the family of Mr. B. T. Hunt, and on this, their 60th anniversary, they took the same trip, stopping at the same house, which is occupied by the same family who occupied it 60 years ago. There are but two persons living who were at the first wedding, a brother and sister of the groom. The brother, who is 80 years old, was present on the golden wedding anniversary.

Mr. Swartwout, who is a successful business man, remained in Chicago until about four years ago, when he went to the Gulf Coast, in Jackson county, Miss., 80 miles south of Mobile, and purchased a large tract of land on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which he has divided up into farms and is colonizing it, and has built up a town, which he named for himself, SWARTWOUT.

Lines

Devoted to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Swartwout on their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary by their loving niece, Miss Florence E. Tannis, Chicago, Sept. 8, 1897; just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years have passed—dear years,
Since I called you wife,
And prayed our God all smiles—not tears,
Might crown our wedded life.

Just fifty years, and yet
It seems so short a time to me.
Full fifty years bright suns have set
To rise again triumphantly.

So with our joys, tho' dimmed by care,
Just for a moment may have been,
When sorrows with keen despair
Assailed the fortress from within.

But from the depths our spirits rose,
For a love dearer for the realm of God
May have tried—who knows—who knows?
As tempered steel is tried again.

Yes, fifty years I've loved thee well,
Thou hast been my life and soul.

about \$25 per day for nurses, in addition to the nursing paid for by various secret orders. The drug is about \$7.50 per day. The drug-furnished too at a very cheap rate. Many families have to be supplied with groceries while sick and unable to work.

Great vigilance is being exercised. Mr. J. D. Clark, and he is using limited means that has been furnished the Relief Committee in the most judicious manner.

Why cannot those who read it and have ability send in something once to the committee?

Respectfully,

ONE WHO KNOWS

Letter From Camp Fontainebleau

Editor Democrat-Star.

The camp is still on the down grade refugees leaving daily, and but a coming in. Quite a number of employees are being sent to Avondale, on the Southern Pacific railroad, and another shipment of tents and appendages left on Monday. Mr. J. F. Casey is soliciting in the camp workmen to go to Louisiana to work on sugar plantations and a batch is already left provided with certificate Dr. Cobb is in charge of the camp. Mr. Walton G. Grayson attends to the interests of the L. & N. R. R. at the camp.

Those discharged from the hospital in the past week are: Dr. T. B. Ford, J. F. Walker, W. Stevens, H. Hanger, Mrs. Williams and daughter. Those remaining are: Irving, a sailor, Andrew Ramsay, Roberts, a section foreman, Mrs. Turner and daughter, J. C. Paul and wife, Mrs. Parker and two children, and A. N. Secars, M. H. S. The sick are all on the mend. There was one death from consumption in camp. The remains were shipped away.

Fontainebleau, Miss., Oct. 18, 1897.

NOTICE.

On account of existing quarantine restrictions and pursuant to direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Custom House has been removed from Pascagoula to Pascagoula Commercial Club Rooms, in the town of Scranton, where the customs business of the Port of Pascagoula will be transacted until further notice.

A. M. DAHLOREN,
Collector of Customs Dist. of Pearl River.
October 9, 1897.

A SHORT DREAM.—The following from the LaGrange Graphic is one of the prettiest sermons ever printed in a few words: "I saw a dancing bubble upon the silvery surface of a dancing river. For a moment it sparkled with golden light as it caught and held the sunshine's glory, and I thought how beautiful it was, then it went down. For a moment the river told where it had vanished and then swept on without even a ripple on its placid bosom. And I thought how like our lives was the bubble on the river. For a moment we sparkle in our tiny spheres, hope and struggle, love and long and dream, and then go down beneath the surface forever. In a short time the tiny ripples we have caused die out, and the great river of humanity flows on undisturbed. So let us strive within our brief existence to reflect only the sunshine, mirror the clouds above us."

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